

Watain

"Death's Cold Dark"

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De profundis mors advocat!
the pact is sealed, crystallised
dark are the paths without return
ash and blood colour my world
ever downward winding steps spiraling to the utmost
depths
where the sun is but a memory of a murdered dream

As if emerged from the Abyss
evoked by his own tongue
Antichrist, Devil's child
possessed by the night

Through will unfettered in darkness
Death was granted life
the blind man was given sight
and the fivefold star to shine forevermore
as a flame within the heart
restlessly beckoning through
the guilt and vanity of a world deaf to its call

To dare what's lit sole by the friar's lantern
through labyrinths so desolate and dark
to travel far in solitude and silence
'cross thornclad deserts vast
to witness the erection of a temple
at the place where order dies and chaos unfold
its tower shall lean out over the precipice
oh the wonder's those that mount it shall behold
for there the waves of Absu smash the rocks of
definition
and feast upon them with erosive force
yes there the ancient giants of primordial waters
are hunting in the twilight near the shores
and I am their son, my ribcage the shrine, my flesh the
prison
for my blood is their blood, my will is theirs
mine is the gift that shall conquer all fears
see my glowing eyes reflect a heart that burns
that in turn reflects the chasm for which it yearns

He shall return to the Abyss
heeding his masters call
Antichrist, Devil's child
at one with the night

Wordless without form in deepest depths,
yet most besung, most present and most high
thou wellspring from which horror's holy flow
through gates wide open
thou who placed these words of praise upon my lips
the infant's cry and the rapist's sigh of joy
the world has gone blurred but the road gets
ever clearer in search of thy burning kingdom

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